

# STAY TONIGHT

ARMAAN IBRAHIM

The air is thick and the ground is wet,  
 Yet I still see your silhouette.  
 Running around the streets on thin ice,  
 With the will to win and the devil in your eyes.  
 Guided by the light of a thousand fireflies,  
 You didn't stop because you saw through their lies.  
 Your soul shall soar in perfect light  
 And in your honor, mine will take flight.  
 For you are worth every fight,  
 So sit by me and stay tonight.  
 Look through the fog where the light shines  
 bright,  
 That's where we'll reside without laws to abide.  
 For you, I'll fight with all my might,  
 For you've helped me regain my sight.  
 Thinking back on the tales you've told  
 You were broken and had no one to hold  
 You were left alone in the cold  
 You sat and watched your life unfold  
 Now that all is said and done  
 You held your ground, they had their fun  
 Your eyes shone like the rising sun  
 It's okay now, I promise you, hun.



# Flying High

ASHIANA REAZ

In the open sky,  
 I do want to fly,  
 Yet, lazy enough to sly.  
 A bit lacking of confidence,  
 But for sure would be able to gather someday,  
 In an exquisite way.  
 I will soon meet the horizon,  
 Where the sky and sea meet in large debris.  
 Gather all of them as if a celebrity,  
 When the coolest breeze would arrive,  
 Touching my heart with tranquility,  
 Then would my weaving dreams come true in reality.

# REALLY CUTE LOVE STORY

TASNIM ODRIKA

I really, really wanted this to be a love story. The cute, mushy love stories where you meet, fall for each other, then have a fallout, but, afterwards it's happily ever after. Let's call my love interest for this story Dean Winchester. So, when I first met Dean I could clearly imagine us sitting in front of a fireplace and Dean telling our kids how beautiful I looked to him when he first saw me. We were in 8th grade then. My fantasy was that he would come up to me and tell me something along the line of, "Hey, so I've been noticing you for quite some time now and you're like magic". Okay, yeah you might say the use of the word "magic" is too much but I did say "something along the line of". So, you could imagine my disappointment when he wouldn't even notice me. Moreover, he seemed to be more into my best friend. Like, ugh, I'm right here.

I decided to nudge things along a bit because time and tide waits for none. So, I started writing our names together on school walls and surrounding them with hearts. To increase the

"notice me" factor I even spoke out about how outrageous it is to put our names together. "Me and Dean? Nah ahh". Reverse psychology you know. But then soon after I overheard him talking to his friends about how he thought I was actually a really feminine boy. But mother always taught me to focus on the good parts so to keep myself from drowning in melancholy I kept repeating the word feminine over and over again to myself.

Just when I thought I will never have a "me and Dean" story to tell, one fine day, Dean comes up to me and says, "Hey, you're the girl whose name is written beside mine on the school walls, right? Can I borrow your jacket for a day? It's really cool and I'm trying to impress this girl." So, I let him have my jacket and Dean and the girl had a happily ever after but it's all cool because the wedding was real fun and I got to wear a pretty dress.



*Tasnim Odrika is having an existential crisis at the moment and doesn't really know who she is anymore. Send her compliments at odrika\_02@yahoo.com.*

